



The Lady's Lamentation FOR Sir John FENWICK, Who lies under CONDEMNATION.

Tune, of the Duke of Monmouth.

NOW the fatal Trial's ended,
Condemnation now is past,
And with Sortow's he attended,
Has receiv'd his dooin at last.
Oh! the dismal day is coming
Which will break my tender Heart,
Life alaſs will be a burthen:
When Sir John and I do part.

Oh! what torments now possess me:
What enraging pains I feel,
Oh! what fearful thoughts molest me,
Nothing can my Anguish heal,
Down my Cheeks, soft tears are flowing,
Trickling from my watery Eye,
Since my dearest, dear is going,
For his great offence to dye.

You that hear my tender passion,
Out of pity shed a Tear,
And deplore my wretched station,
For alaſs, I loose my Dear,
Many years we liv'd together,
Very lovingly and kind;
Now he goes the Lord knows whether,
And will leave poor me behind.

Oh! was ever wretches fortune
So deplorable as mine,
Al, was ever Death so certain,
As my dear Sir John is thine,
Now I rave and am perplexed,
Pity my unhappy state,
For my Heart within is vexed,
For Sir John's untimely fate.

The sad Day of Execution,
I most distantly do dread,
What destructions and confusion,
Fills alaſs my troubl'd Head,
Oh, it rends my Heart to peaces,
When I rink upon that Day,
Which will bereave me of my blesſes,
Ay taking of my Dear away.

Curſe on that unhappy Minute,
Whea the hor'd Plot was laid,
And he that caw my Husband in't,
May he be with Death repaid,
Death and Vengeance may purſue him,
Bring him to a Timeless Grave,
Prove the wretches fatal ruin,
And no pity let him have.

*Time can never cure my Arguſt,
Time can never ease my ſmart,
I ſhall ever ly and languiſh,
Till with Grief I break my Heart,
Gentle Death, come now and ease me,
Oh! come close my watery Eye,
Nothing but your dart can please me:
Since my dear Sir John muſt dye.*

*Now farewel all worldly Treasures,
The ſweet Joys of humane life:
Farewel all the fading pleasure:
Oh! I'm overwhelm'd with Grief
Down my Cheeks soft Tears are flowing:
Trickling from my watery Eye
Since my dearest Dear is going
For his great Offence to dye.*